

# The New Northwest.

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 15, 1871.

## ONE PAIR OF STOCKINGS.

ANONYMOUS.

An old wife sat by the bright fire.  
While down by her side on the kitchen floor,  
Stood a basket of worn-out balls—a score.  
The good old man dozed over the latest news,  
But anon, a misty tear-drop came  
In her eye of faded blue,  
Then trickled down in a furrow deep,  
Like a single drop of dew.

The good old man saw naught but the dimmed  
eye-leaf,  
Yet marvelled he much that the cheerful light  
Of her eye had weary grown,  
"I have shared my joys since our marriage  
yow,  
Conceal and from my sorrows now."

Then she spoke of the time when the basket  
there  
Was filled to the very brim;  
And now there remained of the goodly pile,  
But a single pair for him,  
Then wonder not at the dimmed eye-leaf,  
There's but one pair of stockings to mend to-night.

I cannot but think of the busy feet,  
Whose wrappings were wont to lay  
In the basket among the needles' time—  
Now wandered so far away:  
How the brightly gleamed, to a mother dear,  
Unheeded fell on the carpeted floor.

For each empty nook in the basket old,  
By the hearth there's an empty seat;  
And I miss the shadows from off the wall,  
And the patter of many feet:  
'Tis for this that a tear gathered over my sight,  
At the one pair of stockings to mend to-night.

'Twas said that for through the frozen wind,  
And over the mountain led,  
Was a land whose rivers and darkening caves  
Were girted with the fabled gird,  
Then my first-born turned from the kitchen door,  
To give back no voice but the moan of the sea.

Two others have gone toward the setting sun,  
And made them a home in its light,  
And fairy fingers have twined their hair,  
To mend by the fire's bright light:  
Some other basket their garments fill;  
But mine! Oh, mine is empty still!

Another,  
Was taken by the angels away,  
Clad in a garment that was not old,  
In a land of eternal day,  
Oh, wonder no more at the dimmed eye-leaf,  
While I mend the one pair of stockings to-night!

## JUDITH REID; A Plain Story of a Plain Woman.

[Entered, according to the Act of Congress,  
in the year 1871, by Mrs. A. J. Dunway, in  
the Office of the Librarian of Congress at Wash-  
ington City.]

### CHAPTER XX.

In the week that passed over my head  
during this terrible ordeal I had appar-  
ently forgotten my unhappy and help-  
less sister, but the sequel will prove that  
I had not been idle. The Doctor an-  
nounced one morning that the day of  
execution upon her home had come,  
and offered to drive me out to the sale.

"I will go with your driver," I an-  
swered quickly; "but my poor sister  
must be spared needless humiliation,  
and so my wealthy friend must not ac-  
company me."

Arranging myself in plain black mus-  
lin, I early repaired to the scene of ac-  
tion, and saw the little all that my sis-  
ter had struggled to save knocked down  
under the auctioneer's hammer. Even  
the chickens and the children's pig  
were sold, and still the prices brought  
were not sufficient to pay the rum-  
seller's demand. My poor sister wan-  
dered aimlessly around the house. Her  
strength and ambition had alike failed  
under her protracted life struggle, and  
her mind seemed turned to stone.

Finally the forced sale was over.  
Every article of any intrinsic worth  
was sold, leaving only the tattered  
bedding and battered household fur-  
niture, which defied a bidder at any  
price.

My brother-in-law lay crouched in a  
fence corner, with his head sunk upon  
his shrunken breast and his purple  
hands clasped rigidly around his trem-  
bling knees. Wherever to buy an-  
other dram was gone, and the poor,  
wretched mortal, faint from want of  
stimulants, was struggling weakly with  
his fate.

"Oh, sister Judith, give me rum, or I  
shall die," he wailed, when I aroused  
him.

"I have no rum, my poor, sad brother-  
in-law," I replied, "but you will not die.  
See, I have ordered a wagon, and shall  
remove you and the family to the city.  
Get up and come along."

"For God's sake, Judith, get me just a  
little whisky! It won't cost you much!"  
The red eyes seemed starting from  
their lurid sockets; great drops of agony  
stood on the carbuncled nose, and the  
full veins upon the forehead throbbled  
and surged, portraying the torture of  
the thirsting blood.

I found a man in the crowd who had  
a bottle of gin, which I bought, and  
pouring the most of it upon the ground,  
brought a small quantity to the burn-  
ing wretch, which seemed to revive  
and give him strength sufficient to en-  
able him to aid us somewhat in our task  
of removal.

By this time the men who had at-  
tended the sale for the sole purpose of  
making a bargain began to discover  
that my fallen brother had a friend, and  
straightway they would have plied him  
with drinks enough to have brought  
on delirium tremens, had I permitted it.

"Who is she? Where did she come  
from? Where's she going to remove  
the family?" were the half-whispered  
queries I heard, but I answered no ques-  
tions, contenting myself with giving an  
order here and there, and, above all, com-  
manding the idle crowd to give my poor  
brother no more liquor, or they would  
be prosecuted.

It was four o'clock in the afternoon  
when we drove into the city and halted  
in front of an humble but comfortable  
dwelling, which I had hired, ready-fur-  
nished, for my relatives' accommoda-  
tion. My poor sister laughed and wept  
by turns. "I have been young and  
now an old, yet I have never seen the  
righteous forsaken or his seed begg-  
ing bread!" This was her only utterance,  
as with her arms around my neck she  
held me fast, while her tears flowed like  
rain.

"Nonsense, sister mine!" shaking  
her off. "You'll find everything here

that you absolutely need, but no money.  
I'm determined that Henry shall be  
satisfied for once. Now go to work  
and enjoy yourselves, and I'll go back  
to my children."

I found the Doctor's brilliant man-  
sion well-lighted up for an evening's  
entertainment. Entering a side door, I  
repaired to my own apartments, ar-  
ranged my toilet, and strolled out with  
my sons and daughters, seeking a place  
for private conversation, under the  
soothing influences of the evening sky.

Minutely I related my day's adver-  
tures, vividly interesting my children  
and winning from them voluntary vows  
of total abstinence.

Suddenly a hazy light shone out be-  
tween us and the shrubbery, and a  
kindly face appeared, with beaming  
eyes and long, white beard. As sud-  
denly the vision vanished, and my  
children clung to me in terror, while  
from Minnie alone came forth the ejac-  
ulation, "O, mother!"

An inward song of peace and gladness  
took possession of my heart. Wending  
our way back to the mansion, we re-  
turned to our rest, while in my soul the  
memory of that sweet and solemn  
promise, "I'll explain," once more at-  
tended to me.

The next morning we met my friends  
at breakfast. Master Ben, related in  
his inimitable way our evening's ad-  
venture with a "ghost." "I was just a  
little afraid," said he, "and so was Fred,  
and the girls; but you ought to have  
seen mother stare! Her eyes grew big  
as two moons, and when the spook  
blazed his light out she just didn't say  
a word, but just brought us back to the  
house, and I couldn't talk a word."

"I think you've recovered your  
tongue this morning, Ben," com-  
mented Fred.

The Doctor took occasion to explain,  
according to his hypothesis, the mys-  
tery of second sight. He assured me  
that my imagination created the ap-  
parition, an opinion I had long held,  
but which seemed set at naught by the  
fact that my children, who knew nothing  
of that part of my history as in any  
way connected with the apparition, had  
seen the same illusion.

Mrs. Lewis adroitly changed the con-  
versation, and I was glad indeed when  
other topics were introduced.

The evening, which had been so  
grandly, gloriously beautiful had proven  
the precursor of a night of misty, driz-  
zling rain.

Enveloping myself in a waterproof  
cloak, and encasing my feet in boots,  
I visited my sister's new apartments,  
unmindful of the weather.

My brother-in-law was locked in one  
of the rooms, uttering unearthly yells  
and calling down anathemas upon his  
family in words of awful import.

"Sarah, dear, what does all this  
mean?" I asked.

"Henry's had again with delirium.  
Oh, dear! I wish that I were dead!"  
"But how did the poor mortal get the  
liquor?"

My sister blushed and hesitated.  
"Tell me, for I will know!" I ex-  
claimed angrily.

"I sold the new dress I found in the  
bureau and gave him the money."

"Sarah! Sarah! you're a fool! So,  
there!"

"Don't Judith, don't!" sobbed the  
weak woman. "If you had heard him  
plead for whisky you would not blame  
me. Poor man, he's had it for so many  
years that he cannot possibly live  
without it!"

"Let him die then, the drunken  
dog!"

Reader mine, I well know that I  
should not have spoken thus. My sis-  
ter loved the poor, wretched and wretched  
mortal, and woman-like, she would  
uphold him.

"Judith Reid, I scorn your help! I  
despise your patronage! Leave me to  
wash, or scrub, or cook, or sew, or  
starve! Do what you please, but don't  
abuse my husband, who once was kind  
and noble!"

She turned from me fiercely to make  
preparation in her anger to leave the  
premises. Luckily for her, one of the  
epileptic children fell down in a fit just  
then, and her wrath cooled down in the  
attempt to prevent him from chewing  
off his tongue.

After a while comparative peace was  
restored, and the heavy breathings of  
the drunken brute betaken sleep.

Sarah would not speak to me, and I  
saw that if it were possible for me to aid  
her family she must be conciliated; so,  
to shield her from herself, I told her  
it was the first lie of my life, and I sin-  
cerely hope will be the last.

"Forgive my harsh words, Sarah  
dear," I meekly said. "I did not mean  
to wound you."

"Will you retract the awful things  
you said about my husband?"

"Oh, yes, sister! Your husband's a  
first rate fellow! Let's have no further  
word about him. I think he's splendid!"

Sarah was mollified, but I was so dis-  
gusted with my falsehood, so vexed at  
her, and so discouraged about her hus-  
band, that my enthusiasm cooled down  
to zero. Promising to quickly return,  
I left the house in smothered rage.

The misty rain had gathered impetus,  
and fell in blinding sheets. The sodden  
city sent up thick columns of smoke.  
Crowds of pedestrians, with spattered  
boots and drenched umbrellas, thronged  
the busy walks. Loaded omnibuses  
dashed through the sloppy streets. Dis-  
content was visible on many faces, at  
which I wondered much. Memory car-  
ried me back to the rainy season of the  
Great Northwest, where people made  
the best of circumstances, and I grew  
so sadly home-sick that I resolved to  
make an effort to return to my far-dis-  
tant home.

I reached the Doctor's house in a state  
of mind bordering upon desperation.  
I plainly saw that my sister was willing  
to sacrifice peace, prosperity, happiness,  
justice for herself and children, home,  
friends, and life itself, upon the altar

that had wrecked her womanhood. I  
had forgotten that she forced the  
drunken wretch who had forfeited his  
moral right to liberty, and that it was  
therefore impossible to save her from  
herself, and seeing this, I wondered  
that men, with all their wisdom, never  
yet had learned that in the very matters  
in which woman most severely needs  
the protection of the law, she is left to  
rely solely upon the biased judgment of  
a weak, wounded, suffering, but affec-  
tionate, forgiving and morbid heart.

"Dr. Armstrong!" said I passionately,  
as I mounted the marble steps, shak-  
ing the drenched umbrella while I  
talked, and stamping resolutely in my  
rage, "my sister Sarah's a consummate  
fool!"

"Well, well, what now?" following  
me into the parlor.

A hurried and indignant explanation  
followed, winding up with my expressed  
determination to wend my way back  
to the Pacific coast at an early day,  
cinching my assertion with a doubly  
emphatic "so, there!"

"I'm surprised that you didn't know  
before to-day that a woman in love with  
her husband would go down to the  
depths of degradation with him. I've  
seen so much of that kind of thing in  
my time that I sometimes fear that  
women never will be able to govern  
themselves."

"They are, at least, as capable of self-  
government as are the besotted wretches  
whom they so often claim as husbands,"  
said Mrs. Lewis, quietly.

"Have you disposed of the epileptic  
boys and idiotic girl as you anticipated?"

"No! I got so angry because my sis-  
ter sold her dress to buy that wretch of  
a husband a jug of whisky that I didn't  
offer to do her family another favor."

"Judith!" was the reproachful an-  
swer, "I gave you credit for more good  
sense and magnanimity than this."

"I don't profess to be a saint," I re-  
torted petulantly, but I didn't feel just  
right over my ill-natured fury.

My daughters were in the music room  
practicing a duet. Well as I liked room  
practicing a duet. Well as I liked room  
practicing a duet. Well as I liked room

"Fifteen hundred of you! stop that  
noise!" I shouted, angrily.

"I guess you're not much of a saint;  
you're right about that matter," said Mrs.  
Lewis, laughingly.

My daughters, who had long before  
become accustomed to my fits of temper,  
made shy, amused grimaces at each  
other, and demurely folding their hands,  
wheeled around with their backs to the  
piano, and sat stock still, with the air  
of patience on a monument.

Dr. Armstrong broke into an ungen-  
erable fit of laughter. "You're the  
same quaint, curious, unmanageable,  
wild animal that I knew nearly forty  
years ago," he said, finally.

"Do wonder if you have just made  
that discovery?" I laughingly replied.

"Yes, and glad indeed I am that I have  
made it. The germ of all your tumultu-  
ous and singular childhood-nature,  
which long ago so deeply interested me,  
is yet alive. You are not the crushed,  
dispirited woman I have been taking  
you for, but are amply able to help your-  
self."

"Yes, and I'll do it," was the quick  
response.

A ring at the door-bell startled me.  
Why was it that I was forever looking,  
longing, expecting? Always waiting  
for somebody that never, never came?

The visitor proved to be my friend of  
newspaper notoriety, and his visit result-  
ed in an offer of what seemed a liberal re-  
ward for my services as a writer for his  
journal for the ensuing year.

"Your western brusquery is charming,"  
Mrs. Smith. I only stipulated that in  
whatever you undertake to write, you  
use your own true, comprehensive, ve-  
hement style. That suits me."

So the bargain was made, and I felt  
that I would henceforth be enabled to  
live independently of my kind and gen-  
erous friends.

The day which had been so unpromis-  
ing and disagreeable culminated in one  
of those delightful afternoons so deeply  
appreciated by every lover of the beau-  
tiful and grand.

"Come, Judith, let's be off after your  
sister's children. I promised to take  
them round to the asylum as soon as the  
weather should clear up. And, stay; if  
you have anything that will mollify  
your sadly insulted sister, better take it  
along."

"I can't think of anything unless I  
buy a jug of whisky!" said I, sarcasti-  
cally.

"Judith, don't be a simpleton. You've  
been a victim to-day to the depressing  
influence of the weather. Now let's see  
if you can't show as serene a face as  
Madam Nature's. I don't blame your  
sister for getting liquor for her husband.  
Neither would you blame her if you un-  
derstood the case. He might be reclaimed  
if he were placed under confinement in  
some hygienic home, but as there is no  
law to compel him to go, his wife and  
children must endure the consequences."

My brother-in-law was in a heavy,  
drunken stupor when we reached the  
house. Sister received us coolly at first,  
but as I had by this time recovered my  
wounded equanimity, her rigidity gave  
place to graciousness, and we, without  
much difficulty, prevailed upon her to  
allow us to remove the poor unfortun-  
ates to the asylum, distant some three  
miles from her frugal home. I could see  
that she longed to accompany them, but  
of course she could not leave the help-  
less brute, her legal protector(?)—heaven  
save the mark!—who was twice as much  
in need of guardianship as his miserable  
offspring, because he was morally as well  
as physically insane.

The unfortunates were gently con-  
veyed to the Doctor's ample carriage,  
and the poor, wretched mother looked  
after us, as we rolled away, with a long-  
ing, eager, anxious gaze that I don't not  
will haunt my dying hours.

We found the asylum commodious,  
well-ordered and comfortable. A com-  
ely matron presided over the idiotic ward,  
and received my helpless addition to her  
fold with motherly attention.

The boys were equally well provided  
for in another department, and we wen-  
ed our way homeward with the con-  
scious satisfaction of having done our  
duty.

Life went on in the usual routine for a  
week or two, except that I was now en-  
gaged in preparing manuscript for my  
employer, surprising myself with my  
ideal creations, and winning much lauda-  
tion from my liberal patron.

Finally Mrs. Armstrong came home.  
She was much changed, having devel-  
oped into a corpulent, fretful, fault-find-  
ing creature, who soon managed to make  
her home too hot for me. I did not  
blame her, as I knew of no hold that I  
deserved to keep upon her sympathy; so  
myself and children soon removed to  
quiet lodgings, preparatory to my ex-  
pected return to Oregon. Then I found  
that Madam Gossip had been busy with  
my name. Foolish, chattering naggies  
said that I was alienating Dr. Arm-  
strong from his wife! And so rapidly  
did this unrighteous slander grow that I  
was horrified.

I wonder to-day if people who are  
over ready to misjudge others have not  
somewhere a hidden chapter of personal  
infirmities, which they thus seek to  
hide?

Certain it is that tales of scandal met  
my sister's ear, and were by her be-  
lieved; consequently we became person-  
ally estranged, although she, poor,  
stricken child, was compelled to con-  
tinue in possession of the home I had  
provided, because she had no where else  
to go.

Her reason for suspecting my virtue  
was by no means original. She said  
that "all women who wanted to vote  
were free lovers. That was enough for  
her."

"But how do you know that, Sarah?"  
"Henry says so. He says that no  
woman who has any self-respect will  
want to meddle in men's affairs."

"Well, Henry is reliable authority; I  
must admit that! But, tell me Sarah,  
how much had whisky did he have  
aboard when he uttered that remarkable  
saw?"

"You ——" (I can't repeat the word.)  
"You shall not abuse my husband! I  
won't stand it!" and my righteous sister  
slammed the door in my face.

We never met again.

Her husband is dead now, and she has  
found refuge in the asylum with her  
children as matron of one of the wards.  
I have educated her sensible children,  
and they all are doing well. But she,  
poor ignorant victim of prejudice, has  
cast me off forever, because of her in-  
sane ideas against the "woman move-  
ment," whose rising spirit alone saved  
her and hers from actual starvation in  
the dark days when her lord and master  
proved a helpless imbecile.

During all this time I had not once  
essayed to visit the home of my child-  
hood. So sacred to my vivid memory  
had ever been my idea of its surround-  
ings, and so well did I know of the great  
changes that time had wrought in all  
the passing years, that I had no heart to  
destroy the sweet illusion. But the time  
came when I felt impelled to go. I  
went.

(To be continued.)

ROMANCE OF THE DIAMOND.—The  
following is from a new contemporary,  
the Diamond Field, of the 27th of Octo-  
ber.

A capital story has just been brought  
in. A sweet looking Korma girl went  
out on the P.H. ship, dipping up from  
the chain of a party in a bucket, and  
going down to the river and washing it  
for her own advantage. There was only  
one white man in charge of the party,  
and he a smart young Englishman. He  
was too gallant to drive away the girl,  
although she did not belong to his own  
fair race. He allowed the girl to go on  
taking up ground from the surface and  
washing it. At last she stopped, threw  
her hands about and laughed heartily.  
Our friend, the Englishman, rushed  
over to see what the matter was, when  
he found that she had picked up a dia-  
mond, a beauty, too. The gentleman  
did the proper thing—he made her an  
offer of his spot. He is of a first-rate  
family, and vows that he will introduce  
his wife to his family as an African  
princess of great distinction.

SENSIBILITY OF THE EAR-DRUM.—  
Nothing sharper or harder than the end  
of the little finger, with the nail pared,  
ought ever to be introduced into the ear,  
unless by a physician. Persons are of-  
ten seen endeavoring to remove the wax  
from the ear with the end of a pin, or  
the ear with the head end of a pin, and  
this ought never to be done. The wax  
is manufactured by Nature to guard the  
entrance from dust, insects, and un-  
wholesome cold air, and when it has sub-  
sided its purpose it becomes dry, scaly,  
and in this condition is easily  
pushed outside, by new formation of  
wax within. Occasionally wax may  
harden and may interfere with the  
hearing. A safe plan is to let fall into  
the ear three or four drops of tepid wa-  
ter, night and morning; but glycerine  
is preferable. Next to the eye, the ear  
is the most delicate organ of the body.—  
Hall's Journal of Health.

THE PHOSPHORESCENCE OF THE SEA.  
A correspondent, writing from Siam,  
says: "After steaming forward for  
six or seven knots, a most wonderful  
spectacle presented itself. On both sides,  
obliquely in front of us, long white  
waves of light were seen floating  
toward the ship, increasing in brightness  
and rapidity till at last they almost dis-  
appeared, and nothing was observed but  
a white lustre whirling upon the  
water; then it was pitch dark, and per-  
fectly quiet, when a heavy shower of  
rain came on, in large but not dense  
drops. Every drop as it struck the wa-  
ter became illuminated, little drops of  
fire sprang up in the air, and a little  
luminous circle formed itself. It seemed  
as if the bay was suddenly filled with  
little flowers of fire. This phenomenon  
was almost immediately dissipated by a  
puff of wind."—Nature.

"Bill," said Bob, "why is that tree  
called the weeping willow?" "Cause  
one of the sneaking, plaguey things  
grew near the school house and supplied  
the master with switches."

Lady: "Before I engage you I should  
like to know what your religion is?"  
Cook: "Oh, ma'am, I always feel it my  
duty to be of the same religion as the  
family I'm in."

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